

**A pleasant new Ballad of King Edward the Fourth, and a
Tanner of Tamworth, as he rode a Hunting with his Nobles to Drayton Bassett.
To an Excellent New Tune.**



In Summer time, when leaves grow green, Away with a vengeance (quoth the Tanner)
and birds were singing on every tree : I hold thee out of thy wit,
King Edward would a hunting ride, For all this day have I ridden and gone,
some pastime for to see : and I am fasting yet.
Our King would a hunting ride, Go with me to Drayton Bassett, said our King,
by eight a clock of the day, no dainties we will lack,
And well was he ware of a bold Tanner, We I have meat and drink of the best,
came riding on the way. and I will pay the shot.
A good Russet coat the Tanner had on, God-a-mercy for nothing said the Tanner,
fast buttoned under his Chin, thou shalt pay for no dinner of mine,
And under him a good Cow-Hide, I have more groats and Nobles in my Purse,
and a Pate of four Shilling. then thou hast pence in thine.
Now stand you here my good Lords all, God save your Goods then said our King,
under this trusty tree, and send them well to thee :
And I will wend to powder fellow, We thou thief or true man, quoth the Tanner,
to know from whence came he. I am weary of thy company :
God speed God speed, then said our King, A way with a vengeance (quoth the Tanner)
thou art welcome good fellow quoth he, of thee stand in fear :
Which is the way to Drayton Bassett, The apparel thou wearest on thy back,
I pray thee shew to me : may seem a good Lord to wear :
The ready way to Drayton Bassett, I never stole them, said our King,
from this place as thou dost stand, I swear to thee by the rood :
The next pair of Gallows thou com'st to, Thou art some Russian of the Countrey,
thou must turn up on thy right hand. thou rid'st in the midst of the Wood :
That is not the way, then said our King : What news dost thou hear then said our King
the ready way I pray thee shew me : I pray thee what news dost thou hear,
Whether thou be thief or true man, quoth the I hear no news answered the Tanner,
I am weary of thy company. but that Cow-hides be dear,

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The second Part, to the same tune.

Cow-hides, Cow-hides, then said our King, It is no marvel (said the King) and laught,
 A marvel what they be:
 Why art thou a fool, (quoth the Tanner)
 Look I have one under me:
 Yet one thing now I would thee pray,
 So that thou wouldst not be strange.
 If thy Mare be better then my Steed,
 I pray thee let us change.
 But if thou needs with me wilt change,
 As change fall well may ye.
 By the faith of my body (quoth the Tanner,
 I look to have some boot of thee:
 What boot wilt thou have, then said our King,
 What boot dost thou ask on this ground,
 No pence nor half-pence, said the Tanner,
 But a noble in gold so round.
 Here's twenty good groats then said our King
 So well paid see you be:
 I love thee better then I did before,
 I thought thou hadst ne'r a penny.
 But if so be we needs must change,
 As change thou must abide,
 Though thou hast gotten Brock my Mare,
 Thou shalt not have my Cow-hide.
 The Tanner took the good Cow-hide,
 That of the Cow was hilt,
 And threw it upon the Kings saddle,
 That was so fairly guilt
 Now help me, quoth the Tanner,
 Full quickly that I were gone,
 And when I come home to Glean my wife,
 She I say, am a Gentleman.
 The King took the Tanner by the leg,
 He girded a fart so round,
 You'r very homely said the King:
 Were I aware I had laid you on th' ground:
 When the Tanner was in the Kings Saddle,
 Astonished then he was,
 He knew not the stirrups that he did wear,
 Whether they were gold or brass:
 But when the Steed saw the black Cow-tale
 And before the black Cow-horn,
 The Steed began to run away,
 As the Devil the Tanner had born:
 Until he came into a nook,
 A little beside an Oak,
 The Steed gave the Tanner such a fall,
 His neck was almost broke.
 Take thy horse again with a vengeance he said
 With me he shall not abide.

he knew not your Cow-hide.
 But if that we needs must change,
 As change well now we might
 I le swear to you plain if you have my Mare;
 I look to have some boot.
 What boot will you ask (quoth the Tanner)
 What boot wilt you ask on this ground,
 No pence, nor half pence, (said our King)
 But a Noble in gold so round.
 Here's twenty good groats, said the Tanner,
 And twenty more I have of thine,
 I have ten groats more in my purse,
 We'll drink five of them at the wine:
 The King set a Bugle-horn to his mouth,
 And blew both loud and shrill,
 And five hundred Lords and Knights
 Came riding over a hill.
 Away with a vengeance (quoth the Tanner)
 With thee I le no longer abide,
 Thou art a strong thief ponder be thy fellows,
 They will steal away my Cow-hide:
 No I protest then said our King,
 For so it may not be,
 They be the Lords of Drayton Bassett,
 Come out of the North-Country.
 But when they came before the King,
 Full low they fell on their knee,
 The tanner had rather then a thousand pound,
 He had ben out of his company:
 A Collar a Collar then said the King,
 A Collar then did he cry,
 Then would he gave a thousand pound,
 He had not ben so nigh:
 A Collar, a Collar quoth the tanner,
 It is a thing will breed sorrow,
 For after a Collar, cometh a Halter,
 And I shall be hanged to morrow:
 No, do not fear the King did say,
 For passime thou hast thewn me,
 No Collar, nor Halter, thou shalt have,
 But I will give thee a fee:
 For Plumpton Park I will give thee,
 With tenement three beside,
 Which is worth three hundred pound a year,
 To maintain thy good Cow-hise:
 God-a-mercy, God-a-mercy (quod the tanner)
 For this good deed thou hast done,
 If ever thou comest to merry manworth,
 Thou shalt have stout-leather for thy shoe.